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The Name That is Above Every Name.

The beautiful Abbey of Glastonbury, near Wells, is visited by a great many tourists, who admire its architectural beauty and its association with the early history of Christianity in our land.

Two friends were walking there one day, and wishing there were some name on the grave-stone to show who lay below. The crosier showed that it was a bishop, but which bishop they desired in vain to know.

Of all the capable and good men who had borne rule there in olden times no name remained on the stones to say who they were. Let us hope 'their record is on high,' then it matters little that there is no memorial stone with their names engraved on it.

In one part of the abbey, just near a fine sepulchre stone, which, like the others, bore no inscription, one of the friends, who knew the ruins well, lifted a spray of ivy from the wall and showed, cut into the solid stone, a name—'The Name that is above every name.' There it was, as clear as when first cut by hands long mouldered into dust, the one word 'JESUS.'

'Jesus, the name to sinners dear.' There it stood, the token of someone who long before had trusted in Him; and now, hundreds of years afterwards, it brought hope and joy to those two Christians who looked upon it.

It reminded Mrs. Vernon of a recent incident which had happened to herself. She had gone to visit an aged Christian woman, who was very near the end of her earthly journey, and whose memory had failed her very much.

When Mrs. Vernon was going to speak to her, the daughter said: 'I don't think it is any use to speak to mother. She forgets so, she has not even known me.'

The dear old woman turned her head feebly and said: 'Yes, ma'am, it's quite true. I can't tell who I am: can you tell me my name?'

Bending over her, Mrs. Vernon repeated the first line of the hymn beginning—

'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.'

How the face of the aged saint lighted up! She went on and finished the verse. Looking up with a glad smile, she said: 'Bless His name I haven't forgotten that.'

'You may be sure He has not forgotten you, either,' said the lady, much touched by the scene. This dear woman could not remember her daughter's name, or even her own, but the name of the Saviour remained in her heart as a treasure—safely hidden there. And now she was going to meet Him face to face, and see Him whom she had long loved.

Eternity only will reveal how many have passed away from earth with this name on their lips. 'His name shall endure for ever; His name shall be continued as long as the sun.'

What does this name mean to you? Is it only a name, or does it stand for the Divine Lord and Friend who gave up His life to save you from everlasting death, and who ever lives to intercede for you at God's right hand?—'Friendly Greetings.'

How He Held the Boys.

(W. A. Borum, in 'Ram's Horn.')

In a little Kentucky city, nestled in the foothills of those mountains where feuds are rife, the young people have been organized into a musical, literary, and athletic society that is working a moral revolution.

As in, alas, too many other communities, the young people had gone daft over cheap shows, trashy reading, and other pastimes, worthless if not degrading. A young pastor, personifying the happy medium between worldly-mindedness and puritanical piety, proposed a young people's society, to meet Friday evenings for literary and musical exercises and social enjoyment.

The suggestion received a hearty response. At the gathering for organization there were forty-six present eligible to membership; and many fathers and mothers were also in attendance who heartily approved of the movement.

The organization happily met a need that had not before been discovered. In six weeks one hundred and forty-three names were enrolled.

The usual officers were elected, and drilled in the performance of the duties devolving upon them, and standing committees were appointed to attend to the arrangement and carrying out of the weekly programme.

The literary committee provide readings, recitations, essays, debates and charades. The vocal music committee provide choruses, and such other renditions as the embryonic talent will allow. The instrumental music committee have discovered those who can play upon instruments, which were at first few, except piano performers; and have organized an orchestra which takes its place on the programme for one or two numbers

each Friday evening. These exercises have awakened a general interest in elocution, and vocal and instrumental music. As a result large training classes under competent teachers have been formed for instruction in singing, public speaking, and playing upon the violin, mandolin, and guitar.

The boys, however, have not been reached by this society so well as the girls. They are by nature and habit wild and rude. Music and poetry do not appeal strongly to them. Some other plan had to be discovered to reach them. Shy of the pastor and cramped in his company, they kept their distance from him.

Catching a number of them together one day, the versatile young minister sought to encourage the boys' interest in the young people's society. As he talked to them they were listless. He knew that his words had little weight with them. With a parting word he left them, and doing so, caught the word 'gymnasium.'

'A gymnasium, boys? Who wants a gymnasium?' asked the pastor.

'All of us,' chimed a chorus.

'Well, boys, that is not impossible.'

In a second he was surrounded. After a few words of encouragement, an engagement was made to meet at the close of the next Young People's meeting, and discuss the matter. At that appointment twenty-eight boys met him with interest in the occasion tuned to the highest pitch.

The pastor had prepared a blackboard diagram with which to greet them. On one side was a floor plan of a gymnasium, a bath-room, a reading-room, and a game-room. On the other side was a list of the proposed gymnasium apparatus. With delight the boys ran their eyes down the list: Horizontal bars, parallel bars, swinging rings, suspension ladders, revolving ladders, trapezes, shoot the chute, Indian clubs, boxing gloves, punching bags, vaulting horses, dumb bells, etc., etc.

No mother hen ever got closer to her nestling brood than did the young preacher to his aspiring athletes on that happy evening.

'Now, boys,' said the minister, 'if I can raise the money to provide this gymnasium for you, will you make good use of it?'

'Yes sir-r-r,' rang out a merry symphony.

'Let us see if we are agreed as to what a "good use" of a gymnasium is' suggested the minister.

'We are all agreed,' he continued, 'that it is to build up muscle, to develop your bodies, and afford you moral, mental, and physical improvement. Is that so?'

'Yes sir-r-r,' was the ready answer.

'Now, boys, cigarette smoking is a habit that will ruin any boy's constitution. No gymnasium can build up boys as fast as cigarettes can pull them down.'

He looked into the faces of the boys to see if he had thrown a coldness on the meeting. Some of the eyes fell as the minister looked into them. He was encouraged, however, with the nod of approval that greeted him from several.

'Swearing is another evil practice that boys some times indulge, to their moral injury,' continued the preacher. 'And, in many respects, the most dangerous of all, is the drinking of intoxicating liquors. these vices destroy health and character. We are planning a gymnasium to build up health and character. Will you boys give up tobacco, profanity, and intoxicating liquors for the gymnasium?'

Every hand went up, and every eye met squarely the searching glances of the minister.

The pastor drew from his pocket a pledge prepared in anticipation of this successful conference, and the boys signed it.

The next day the minister, who enjoyed the confidence and good-will of the entire community, carried his paper and signatures to the business men of the city, and they cheerfully subscribed the necessary five hundred dollars for the enterprise.

Close to the young pastor's home a site was donated, and a neat box building, thirty by seventy-five feet, was erected. This was equipped as designed, both parties to the contract keeping their respective agreements with sacred fidelity.

The cheap shows, bowling alleys, shooting galleries, and billiard rooms have lost the patronage of a large majority of the young people of this little city. The entire community has felt the force of this great movement.

Without ostentation the young preacher is watching every opportunity to carry on his reformation. It was with great dread that he anticipated the opening of the county fair. All kinds of temptations are usually put in the way of young people at these great gatherings. The leader in this grand reform movement planned his campaign of battle against these open doors of vice with consummate skill. He first announced a special service at his church to be held the Sunday evening preceding the fair week, under the auspices of his young people's society. The theme of his sermon was to be, 'The Evils and Temptations of the County Fair.'

No small interest was awakened by these announcements. As a rule preachers attack the evils of great social events after they have been perpetrated. Their exposures (?) are usually delivered the Sunday after it is all done. Not so with this sagacious pulpiteer, leading his young army against the popular vices of the day.

On Wednesday before the announced Sunday night discourse he called at the office of the president of the fair for an interview. He was received kindly by the affable gentleman, and was assured of being given any information he sought.

'Mr. Kelly,' the minister began, 'I have a boys' athletic club of eighty-five members, and a young people's society of over one hundred and forty members. On next Sunday night I have announced special services under their auspices, and I will preach a sermon regarding the temptations of fair week.

'I have prepared some questions in writing which I will ask you to kindly answer, that I may speak intelligently and do the fair full justice in that sermon.'

The president's interest was at once enlisted in the interview, seeing that it had a most decided and important purpose. He promised to give the desired information.

'Mr. Kelly,' asked the minister, 'will there be any intoxicating liquors sold on the fair grounds?'

'Most emphatically not, sir; not a drop,' the president answered vehemently. The minister wrote the answer upon his paper.

'I want now to ask you if there will be any shows or exhibitions improper for ladies to witness?'

'We have sold privileges for some shows, but I am not certain of their character,' was the answer.

'It is likely that some of them will be indecent, we may suppose, suggested the minister.

'In that event, what will you do, allow them to exhibit, or will you suppress them?' asked the minister with pencil in hand, waiting to record the answer.

'They must be suppressed,' said the president,' and excluded from the grounds. I see the importance of the matter, since you speak of it. We had failed to give this feature due consideration.

With pleasure the preacher noted the manager's declaration.

'I wish now to ask, Mr. Kelly, if any gambling privileges will be allowed?'

'I think there will be, to be frank with you. There are now on deposit five hundred dollars to pay for the gaming privileges, and there remains but a minor point to be settled before the matter is closed.'

'Mr. Kelly, this is a fearful thing,' said the minister gravely. 'This gambling, I am told, is carried on adroitly by means of slot machines, that boys and girls are enticed into its patronage. The purchasers of this privilege must expect to do a royal business with our people to be able to rob them of enough to pay you five hundred dollars for the privilege, and then pay our county officers their take-out, and make a round sum for themselves. I shall be sorry to have to speak of these things from the pulpit, holding you and your colleagues responsible for this licensed robbery,' observed the minister, as he began entering a note upon his paper.

'Hold on a moment. I have had nothing to do with this part of the work. I am opposed to it myself, though I doubt if my protest will avail. I will see the director who has this matter in charge.'

'I will call again to-morrow,' said the minister.

'No, sir, in twenty minutes I will return. Keep your seat if you have the time to spare.'

In a short while the president returned to his office.

'Write in your note-book,' said he, 'that no gambling privileges by any name or device will be granted under any circumstance. We have talked the matter over hurriedly, and see our mistake. We expect to lose money, and we will go still deeper in our pockets, if necessary, to protect the youth of our town.'

After a few pleasant words the young minister bade the president good-day.

At the Sunday night service the minister spoke in the highest praise of the fair and its promoters.

The work in behalf of these young people is going gloriously on. There are difficulties and problems to be met day by day. Wise and prayerful leadership is accomplishing great things. The outlook is exceedingly hopeful. If there be a secret to the success of this undertaking it is an open one, and that is the leader is neither a worldling nor a puritan; but a consecrated and Spirit-filled, happy medium.

A Prayer.

Wearied of sinning, wearied of repentance,
Wearied of self, I turn, my God, to thee;
To thee my judge, on whose all-righteous sentence
Hangs mine eternity;
I turn to thee, I plead thyself with thee—
Be pitiful to me.

Wearied, I loathe myself, I loathe my sinning,
My stains, my festering sores, my misery;
Thou the Beginning, thou ere my beginning
Didst see, and didst foresee
Me miserable, me sinful, ruined me—
I plead thyself with thee.

I plead thyself with thee who are my Maker,
Regard thy handiwork thatc ries to thee;
I plead thyself with thee who wast partaker
Of my infirmity,
Love made thee what thou art, thy love of me—
I plead thyself with thee.

—Christina Rossetti.

Prayerful Preparation.

Spiritual sympathy is indispensable for the sound interpretation of books written to convey spiritual truth. Hence arises the need of prayer in connection with study of the Bible. Only in the atmosphere which prayer creates, the atmosphere of sympathy with God and truth, of the desire to know the truth, to act in accordance with it and to bring others into fellowship with God through it, can the teacher gain a true insight into the truths which the Bible teaches.—'M. C. Advocate.'

FLAGS for the SCHOOLS.

In our Maple Leaf offer, silk flags and badges, are sent, free, with each pin, to all school orders of ten or over. Teachers can use this offer, of which the children will at once gladly avail themselves, to pave the way for getting a good bunting flag for the school-house. Read our flag advertisement and write to our Flag Department by next mail.

Are you wearing one of those pretty enamel Maple Leaves? If not, why not? See advt. and get one NOW.

St. Cecilia of the Court

By ISABELLA R. HESS.

By special arrangement with the Publishers, The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and London.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued).

With a bound, Cecilia was on her feet, her face white and tense, her hair tumbled about her like a crimson halo, her hands clenched fiercely.

'You'll take him to the hospital? Take him, Puddin'! Don't you dare to say it! Don't you dare to touch him! I'll die first! I'll—I'll kill you if you try it!'

The doctor stepped back in utter astonishment at the shrill onslaught, and looked dumbly at the Saint, who stood there like an image of defiance. Puddin' was too frightened to cry, and his mother stood helplessly looking on, as if she had nothing to do with it all. Only Jim had an inkling to the truth, and he put his hand kindly on Cecilia's shoulder, and said calmly, 'Is it forgettin' you are that you bear a saint's name, Cecilia? The doctor is offering his best, and ye are forgettin' that Puddin' needs him. But he shan't go to the hospital till ye say the word—I'll promise ye that.' Then he gave a quick look at the doctor, who understood it rightly that Jim would manage it for him. So he left a simple sleeping draught, and promised to come again on the morrow, and left.

The Saint's outburst having died away, she sat, weak and weary, on the edge of the bed. The little lamp threw a sickly yellow light over them, and made Puddin' look whiter and thinner; Cecilia noticed it, and looked up at Jim with a wistful appeal for help.

Mrs. Sweeney was mutely creasing her apron with her fingers, looking at the Saint helplessly, while Jim sat down next to her and said, 'Celie, what is it ye're doing this day? The child a-laying' here suffering, and a fine, big, clean room awaiting him, with a nice nurse in a big apron, and a fine doctor, and you not carin' at all, but rather let him lay here a-cryin'!'

This from Jim! Celie bowed her head upon her arm, and bent into a little heap on the foot of the bed. 'I won't let them take him to a hospital! I won't! They say they do be killing people there! And Puddin's me own! And I won't!'

All the wealth of motherliness she had showered forth upon Puddin' was told in the sobs that shook her form.

'Was ye ever in one, Celie?' asked Jim gently.

She shook her head.

'I'll be takin' ye in the mornin' then, and your mother will be stayin' at home to be lookin' after Puddin'.'

And quite as if that settled the matter, Jim said 'Good-night,' and went back to his little shop, which seemed full of a restful quiet.

VI.

THE PAWNING OF JIM'S WEDDING RING.

There was not even a gleam of dawn in the Court when Jim arose next morning; yet it was not deserted. Some of the men were starting forth with their lunch-pails, which told the story of busy ones that had risen even earlier to fill them. Jim lit his lamp that he might see to make his toilet, which seemed an unusually elaborate one for a week-day morning. He bent over his basin of water, and splurged and spattered so in his energetic washing that a hissing noise from the stove told where the flying drops had landed; then he took from a shelf a wire comb, and parted his hair with a nicety that was suggestive of foppishness. From the same shelf, the receptacle of his household goods, he took a brush that gave sign of long usage, and brushed his shabby clothes thoughtfully.

When at last his toilet was completed, he took the little lamp from its bracket, and set it on the floor behind the curtain; there was just about room there for Jim himself, and he sat down on the cot that he might bend down to draw from beneath it a wooden box that not even the boys had ever seen. He held his head upon his hand, and looked long and earnestly upon the little polished box; perhaps he had not seen it for a long while, for he bent over to examine the little tracery of metal work on hinges. He even traced with his fingers the intricate geometrical design carved upon its cover, and when he had drawn from his bosom the key attached to a string, he waited a moment before he fitted it into the lock. Then he threw his shoulders back with a shrug, and lifted the lid—but when he had done so, he bent over until his lips touched the bit of linen that lay on the top, and his hands trembled so that he could scarcely hold it. He reverently lifted the dainty handkerchief, and from beneath it he took a little golden circlet, which gleamed in the yellow glare of the lamp. As if fearful that he might give way, he slipped the ring within his shirt, hastily locked the box, and shoved it back under the bed.

He looked over at the picture where it hung upon the wall. Something seemed to come between it and his eyes, for he rubbed them restlessly with his coat sleeve, and there was a certain huskiness in his voice, as he said slowly, 'You was a good woman, Margaret! You were that! I'm thinkin' you was took because you was more fit to be an angel!'

He rose and placed the lamp back in its place, and put on his hat to go out. But when he was all ready, he went back to the picture. 'I wouldn't be doin' it for myself, Margaret! You know I wouldn't! But the little lad is sufferin'—and you'd be doin' the same! It's well for our own little lad that he don't need it! I'll be doin' this for him like.'

Jim picked his way out of the Court, stepping from stone to stone slowly. The street outside was noisier than the Court, for more people were going on to their day's labor. Usually he had a cheery word for his acquaintances, but this morning he pushed ahead, and paid little attention to the passers-by, lowering his eyes as if he were half ashamed of something. When he had gone several blocks, he turned down a side street and paused at a shop before which hung the symbol of its trade, three gilded balls. But in the windows the shades were pulled down,—Jim saw it and passed on as if he had not meant to stop.

He was saying to himself, 'I might be knowing that the place wouldn't be open yet, and it barely six. I'll be walkin' a bit.'

But walking about in the early morning, when the streets are wet and cold, and when one is painfully hungry is not easy; restlessly, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, Jim walked up one street and down another, wondering if the little gold ring had really worn itself through his shirt into his heart, or if it only felt so.

It was half-past seven when he came back to the little shop, and a few lights burning showed that some one was within. Jim's hand trembled as he turned the knob, and a curious something crept up into his throat and almost strangled him, when the salesman came forward to meet him.

He didn't try to find his voice, he only drew forth the ring and laid it upon the glass case; when the man picked it up and took it to the light, Jim clenched his hands until his nails dug into the palms, and then hastily rubbed his coat sleeve across his eyes.

Perhaps it was no unusual thing to the man, for he carelessly asked, 'Wedding ring?'

When Jim's answer came in a husky 'Yes,' he turned around, and although he was used to seeing hearts laid bare, he spoke kindly when he saw that there was a man who was not used to dealing with his ilk.

'I'll do the best I can for you; it seems to be all right. How's two dollars?'

Jim's face fell still more. 'It cost me ten when I bought it—she only wore it a year.' He ended huskily.

'I know,' the man answered, 'but these goods don't hold their value.'

Silently Jim held out his hand for the money, and the ticket which the man held towards him; he slowly opened his coat and put the ticket within his shirt where the ring upon which the man had slipped a tag and which he was slipping into a case.

When he had opened the door to go out he turned back again to say, 'I'll be comin' for it soon.'

It was a short way back to the Court, but Jim made it long by walking about until he felt that his face wore the usual expression of calm. Then he went into Rickey Madigan's restaurant and sat down at the table.

Rickey came forward as he saw who his guest was. 'I'm glad to see you, Mr. Helway! 'Tis the first time ye've honored me.'

Jim's explanation was entirely understood. 'The money is scarce, and I can eat myself cheap. But I had business out this morning, and I came in here for a cup of coffee and to wish you good-luck.'

Maybe it was because of his wish, but it was a very big cup of coffee and an unusually big roll that was set before Jim. And when he left, he carried with him some well-buttered rolls and a generous can of tea.

Somehow he felt better than he did; surely a heartache is easier to bear when one has had breakfast. He even smiled cheerily as he stepped into the drug store, and asked for the kindly clerk whom he had known before. And when he came, he told him simply the little story of the doctor's visit to Puddin', and the Saint's intense horror of hospitals; it was a little thing he had to ask, but it would be such a favor! Would the clerk telephone to the doctor and ask him if it mightn't be possible for Jim to take Cecilia through a hospital that morning?

The clerk listened very attentively while Jim was telling him of the Saint's devoted care to Puddin'; he even blinked away a little unnecessary moisture that would gather in his eyes. Then without a word, he stepped to the back room, and rang up a certain hospital, and asked for a certain doctor whom he knew to be on the staff, and insisting that he must talk to that particular man, the doctor came speedily to the 'phone, although he should have been resting at that early hour. All the clerk did then was to repeat Jim's little story, with a few words of explanation, and to picture quickly the people who dwelt in Flanery Court, a locality not at all familiar to the doctor by name, but the like of which he knew full well from many of the patients in the free wards of his hospital. And before the clerk had really stopped talking, the doctor had promised that when Jim appeared, he would be shown every consideration.

When Jim got back to the Court with his rolls and tea, the children were coming forth to school. They looked at him anxiously, and wondered why he was abroad so early. Only Mickey voiced the one thought of all as they surveyed Jim's unusually neat toilet. 'Who is it that's dead, Jim?'

'You won't tell, if I tell you, Mickey?' Jim spoke in low tones, solemnly.

Mickey as solemnly answered, 'Cross my neck and body, I won't!'

'Washington! George Washington, himself!' called back Jim as he went across the Court.

VII.

DR. HANAUER MEETS THE SAINT.

Mrs. Sweeney was sober this morning, sober enough to have a great heartache every time Puddin' moaned, and to wish the bottle on the shelf were full instead of empty so that she might stifle the heartache with its contents. Cecilia, who had only slept at short intervals all night, was up before her, and had a little fire blazing cheerily in the stove. She silently pointed to the box back of the stove where the fuel was kept—her mother looked, and saw that it was empty.

'I see,' she said, slowly. 'With the best of my workin', I can't be earnin' enough!' Then more slowly, 'It's not a drop I've taken this last day!'

If Cecilia knew at heart the reason for this was her mother's lack of money, she did not say it—she only nodded wearily, and said, 'I'm glad!'

Then, as Puddin' turned restlessly in bed, she swallowed a great sob, and said, 'We've got to have a fire,—or he'll be cold! It's not myself I'm carin' for! There's no more tea here, and it's only ten cents you've got left—it's not that will be lastin' till you get your pay, come Saturday!'

It was then there came a cheery knock at their door, and at the word, Jim came in. Maybe he saw that the wood-box was empty, and that there was no sign of breakfast—if he did, he never mentioned it, only said pleasantly, 'I was thinkin' maybe Puddin' would be glad to see me, early, so he and myself could eat breakfast together. You'll be heating this tea on the stove, Saint Cecilia, and your mother will be puttin' these rolls in a chiny plate, for it's in style I'm used to eating.'

Puddin' sat up at the happy tones, and forgot to cry for a moment. Not so Cecilia! She bent over the teapot as she poured in the tea, and tried not to let them see she was crying, but the great tears rolled silently down, as she realized that it was not only for Puddin' that Jim had thought. He had thought they needed charity and had brought food! Brought up in poverty, surrounded by its every phase, still she clenched her hands tightly, and bit her lips to keep back the sobs of hurt pride. She was hungry, although she was so tired she scarcely felt the hunger, but the odor of the hot tea and the fresh rolls came to her with a fresh realization that she was hungry, and would have eaten nothing if Jim had not brought it. And she felt her pride downed by a certain sense of gratitude to the man who would do such things and make naught of them, so she turned to Jim and said, 'I'll be payin' ye back, Jim,— when I'll be earnin' something.'

'Hear her now!' Jim had to laugh very quickly for fear he should cry instead. 'It's myself will be eatin' most of it!'

Even Puddin' managed to swallow some tea, and to eat a bit of roll, and when Cello had washed his face and tidied the bed, and brushed up the room, she felt as if the gloom was not so thick as it had been.

'You'll be comin' now with me—we'll be going to see a hospital,' said Jim, quietly.

The Saint turned a quick appealing glance at him, but Jim would not see it. 'You'll be comin' with me, and your mother will be stayin' with Puddin'.'

And feeling that Jim was some wonderful agent to work her good, she obeyed; it did not take her long to get ready. A black knitted scarf for her head, the old thin plaid shawl across her shoulders, and her toilet was complete. With an unusual burst of tenderness, Mrs. Sweeney insisted upon Cecilia taking off her torn shoes and putting on her own, which, if they were several sizes too large, would not admit quite so much water.

To ride on the cars was one of the things that came like a rare bit of joy in the Saint's life; in all her dreams of untold riches, she had never dared to even wish for greater bliss than to spend her life in one unceasing car-ride. Oh, the glory of it! To sit still and be whirled along the streets which she was used to trudge, and to watch through the windows the stream of life on the pavements! Usually she felt that every one there must envy her—her, Cecilia Angelina Sweeney, sitting like a queen, on a seat, with folded hands! Once, a long time ago, she had gone with her class and the teacher to the park, and in the car, she had sat next to a lady who had on a real silk dress. She knew it was silk, for it rustled when the lady moved, and when she wasn't looking, Cecilia had actually touched it!

But this morning, somehow, she didn't feel the glory of it at all. She only felt how very tired she was, and that the nice hot tea and the rolls had made her rather sleepy. Before she had been riding five minutes, her head fell against Jim's shoulder, and he saw that she was fast asleep.

One or two passengers smiled as they watched Jim pull the shawl tighter across her shoulders, and settle her red-crowned head comfortably, as he slipped his arm about her.

An old man across the aisle bent forward sympathetically. 'Your little girl looks tired out. Or is she sick? Toothache, maybe!'

And as it was much easier to agree than to explain, Jim nodded.

He was a kindly old gentleman, for he stopped a moment as he rose to leave the car. 'That's the trouble with children nowadays! Eat too much candy! Spoil their teeth!'

Jim looked down at the Saint's drawn face and the heavy circles under the eyes, and smiled rather bitterly. Too much candy hadn't caused that!

(To be continued.)

Presence of Mind Heroes.

Great presence of mind in cases of emergency, where lives hang upon the thought and action of seconds, is so rare as to excite universal admiration.

A party of Rimington's Scouts were galloping back to their column hotly pursued by a much larger force of Boers, during the recent South African war. Suddenly they came upon a stiff fence of barbed wire. They had no wire cutter among them, so turned at right angles, and galloped along it, looking for an opening. Instead, they found another fence running at right angles to the first. They were hopelessly trapped.

A trooper named Fraser suddenly extricated himself from the throng. He pulled his feet from his stirrups, rammed home his spurs, and went at the fence as hard as he could pelt. The shock was fearful. The horse was killed on the spot, the man hurled many yards over its head. But the wires were snapped, and the others, riding through the gap, picked up the insensible body of their comrade and escaped.

An unknown number of people owe their lives to John Philip Sousa. On one occasion he was playing to an audience of 12,000 people, when the electric lights in the hall suddenly went out. Someone shouted 'Fire!' and an ominous rustle made itself heard through the gloom. Rap, rap, went Sousa's baton, and without an instant's hesitation the band burst forth into 'Oh, dear, what can the matter be?'

The rustle turned to a ripple of laughter, and when the air was rapidly followed by 'Wait till the clouds roll by,' a roar of merriment showed that the situation was saved.

By just such quick thought a Keeper in a Hamburg menagerie saved a comrade's life which was apparently beyond all human aid. A full-grown tiger had suddenly turned upon the cleaner who had entered its cage. It was between him and the door, creeping slowly upon him with stealthy steps and yellow glowing eyes.

The man, paralysed with terror, stood motionless against the bars. There was only one spectator of the scene, and he was unarmed. But quick wit provided him with a better weapon than hot irons or rifles. A sharp hiss pierced the stillness, just the sound that the great python of the Indian jungle makes when coiled ready to strike.

The tiger heard it, and its body quivered and seemed to grow smaller. Another hiss, and the savage brute sank down cowering upon the floor of its cage, and thought no more of the terrified man, who lost no time in escaping.

It may be remembered that the transport 'Rapidan' was forced by fire to return to Birkenhead after starting with troops and horses for South Africa. That the whole vessel, her cargo, and the lives of all her crew and passengers were not lost is due to the presence of mind and magnificent courage of one man.

The fire broke out among some stores near the engine room, and before anything could be done a couple of great drums of paraffin had burst, enveloping the whole engine room in a sheet of flame. Hose could not be brought to bear, and the ship's doom appeared to be sealed.

Suddenly the beat of the pistons ceased, and a welcome sound of escaping steam was heard. Rushing about in the furnace beneath, the chief engineer had first stopped the engines and then turned on all the steam cocks and drains. So quick was he that he escaped without being severely burned. The hatches were closed down, and the fire was put out almost as rapidly as it had begun.

A story of how a man saved his own life by lightning-like rapidity of thought comes from the gold region of Alaska. A postman was travelling southward last summer with valuable letters. He met a traveller lost and starving, fed him and took him on with him.

That night he was awakened from sleep by a terrible blow upon the head. Luckily, his heavy fur cap saved his life. He sprang up and saw the other standing over him with an axe. The would-be murderer hesitated an instant. It was not so easy to kill a man awake and on his guard. In that second a brilliant idea came to the postman.

'Poor fellow!' he said, pityingly; 'he must have gone mad from cold and hunger.'

The other dropped the axe. He was glad to be so well out of it. For the rest of the night the postman watched, and all next day kept the madman well in front of him. The latter acted the part to perfection, and quite imagined that his companion believed him really insane. He was grievously surprised when, on their arrival at the next fort, his intended victim handed him over to the officer in charge of the mounted police. He is now enjoying a fourteen-year sentence.—'Alliance News.'

When he Found the Bravest

In an article on 'Prayers on the Battlefield,' in the 'Quiver,' some interesting facts are given as to the habits of devout soldiers before and during battle. When Lord Clyde asked his officers to pick the bravest men in order to form a forlorn hope in a desperate attack on Delhi, he was answered—'There is a prayer-meeting going on now in camp. If you go there you will find all the bravest men'—a remark which has been echoed recently by Sir George White about his beleagured soldiers in Ladysmith. Washington, 'Stonewall' Jackson, Grant, General Gordon, and many other popular generals were all devout men. The Bishop of Rochester, in his 'Lenten Call,' quotes the words of a soldier at the front:

'War seems to turn fellows Godward—a great call from selfishness, and luxury, and content—both for those who are here and for every one at home. Near to Him we must judge ourselves. For the Lord is a God of judgment, and by Him actions are weighed.'

The debasing and cruel aspects of war are so painfully evident that this testimony to its solemnizing effect is something as a set-off on the other side.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

A Boy's Work.

(By Annie L. Hannah.)

There's a work in the world for every boy,
Be that boy old or young,
A work for his feet, a work for his hands,
For his eyes, his ears, and his tongue.

His eyes must look for the work for his hands,
His feet run swift to meet it;
His ears must listen for the command,
His tongue correctly repeat it.

Those eyes may see what should not be seen;
Those hands to evil may stray;
Those ears may listen to the tempter's voice;
Those feet walk in sin's dark way.

But not if the boy is strong in the strength
That is promised to every one;
Not if he gird his armor on
And, trusting in God, go on.

His life, then, shall not be lived in vain;
His light for the Lord will shine;
His work shall be done from day to day,
And finished in God's good time.

The Butterfly Girl.

(Max Bennett Thrasher, in the 'C. E. World.')

'Help! Help! Oh! Oh! Oh——!'

'What is the matter?' cried the first of the three women who rushed into the room where a young woman lay propped up in the corner of a big, old-fashioned sofa. Her face was as white as the leaves of the book which had fallen from her hand.

The woman on the sofa made no answer except to point to a huge green worm, fully three inches long, crawling briskly up the front of her gown.

'Agnes!' said one of the women, 'take that creature away, and keep him away. Don't be frightened, Miss Blake,' she said to the young woman who had been screaming, 'though I don't wonder you were. It's only one of Agnes's pets. I'm so sorry.'

'O King Solomon! You bad creature!' exclaimed the girl who had been called Agnes, springing forward and capturing the great green worm gently in one hand. 'Why didn't you stay in your box? Don't mind him, Miss Blake. Why, mother,' she said, 'she's fainted away.'

'I don't wonder,' replied the older woman grimly. 'It's not everybody has got your tastes. Take that worm out of here, and bring me some water. Fan her, Miss Pierson, won't you?'

Mrs. Bignall was a widow, the owner of a small farm and a comfortable farmhouse near Franconia village. The house stood on a hill, and from its windows could be seen all the beautiful range of Franconia Mountains, and then, rising high beyond them, Mt. Washington, Mt. Adams, Mt. Madison, and the other presidential summits of the White Mountain range. Mrs. Bignall had found taking summer boarders a convenient way to increase the small income which the farm afforded. Usually the house had been well filled, but this year the season had been late and so far Miss Blake and Miss Pierson had been the only boarders.

Agnes was Mrs. Bignall's only child. 'She's odd,' the neighbors said of her. 'Always puttering round with bugs and butterflies and caterpillars and such things. Not but what she's smart enough, they would add. 'She's been the best scholar in the school here for ever so long. But she's odd. She keeps worms in the house, in a box, to watch them turn to butterflies.'

Agnes, when she had brought a glass of water, and had waited until she saw the color coming back into Miss Blake's face, picked up a small wooden box from the window-sill in the room and carried it away with her. When she reached her own room, she gently placed King Solomon down upon some fresh willow twigs in the bottom of the box.

His majesty, however, paid no heed to the tender leaves which ordinarily would have been so tempting to him; but arching his gorgeous back, proceeded to crawl out of the box again as fast as he could.

'Poor old fellow!' said the girl. 'You want to get away to somewhere, you don't know where. I feel just like that myself, sometimes. I know what's the matter with you, though! and you'll have to be shut up.'

She brought a pane of window-glass, and, placing the worm in the box once more, covered it with the glass so that the box became a royal prison. Then she went downstairs, to hear Miss Blake, recovered, saying: 'I shall leave the house to-day. I could not think of staying here and running the risk of another such a fright. And I shall write the Aikens, and tell them not to come.'

And she did. She went to one of the hotels; and when the Aikens, a family of six who had taken all of the remaining rooms in the farmhouse for the rest of the season, came, they went with her.

Oh, marmee!' sobbed Agnes, that night, her face in her mother's lap. 'How could she be so cruel?'

'She is ill and nervous,' Mrs. Bignall said, 'and she really was frightened. Some people have an inborn fear of creeping things which you cannot understand. I do not think she has treated us kindly or right, but perhaps we ought not to judge her too harshly. I'm afraid, though, it means your not going to the Normal School this fall. We hardly shall get anybody else now, it is so late.'

'I know,' Agnes cried in a new access of misery; 'but I don't care for that, or, rather, I mean that I ought to bear it, because I ought to have shut him up. I knew it was time for him to begin to spin. It means more than that. It means your new dress and bonnet, and your journey down to Springfield to see Aunt Ann.'

'Yes,' said her mother, 'I suppose it does.'

So it happened that Miss Pierson was the Bignall's only boarder that summer. One day she invited Agnes to go with her to the Tip-Top House on the summit of Mt. Washington. It was a great treat to the girl, the event of the whole summer. A stage ride to Littleton, then by train to the Fabyan House and the Base Station at the bottom of the mountain, and then the wonderful ride in those queer tilted little cars which an uncouth engine pushed before it up the strong cog railway. When the engine stopped at the last water tank, a mile below the summit, the conductor let the passengers come out upon the platform.

Miss Pierson stood on the edge of the platform, tracing out, far below and miles away, a silvery line of water which was the Ammonoosuc River, when Agnes clutched her arm.

'Look!' she cried. 'See that butterfly! That's a rare Alpine species, I feel sure. I've seen a picture of one like that in a colored plate.' She pointed down below them to where, on the moss which grew between the rocks, something which looked like a blue pansy rested and softly moved its dainty wings.

'I'm going to catch it'; she said, and then, before her companion could restrain her, had leaped lightly down to the rocks.

'All aboard!' shouted the conductor.

The passengers were all in the car except Miss Pierson. 'Come back, Agnes!' she cried.

'O, I can't!' the girl shouted back. 'Ive got to get him. He's going right up the mountain. I'll meet you up to the Summit House.'

(To be continued.)

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The Sign of the Zodiac.

The Ram, the Bull, the Heavenly Twins,
And next the Crab the Lion shines,
The Virgin and the Scales;
The Scorpion, Archer, and Sea Goat,
The Man that bears the Water-pot,
And Fish with glittering tails.

An Object Lesson.

The story is told in an article in 'The Anecdotal Side of Mr. Beecher,' in the 'Ladies' Home Journal,' of a member of Plymouth Church who had lost heavily in Wall Street speculation and failed in business and who went to the great preacher one day and voluntarily promised that he would not speculate for one year. At the end of six months, however, he went to his pastor and asked to be released from his promise. 'I can make more in one week than I am now making in a year,' he said. Mr. Beecher refused to release him. 'Do your speculating on paper,' he said, 'and at the end of the year tell me how you would have come out had I let you go.' At the end of the year the would be speculator reported to Mr. Beecher: 'If I had actually made those deals I would have failed three times in the six months.'

How to Defend Yourself.

'Have you ever studied the art of self-defence?' said a young fellow to a man of magnificent physique and noble bearing.

The elder man looked at his questioner with a quiet smile, and then answered: 'Yes; I have both studied and practised it.'

'Ah!' said the other, eagerly, 'whose system did you adopt?'

'Solomon's,' was the reply; 'and as I have been in training for some time on his principles, I can confidently recommend his system.'

Somewhat abashed, the youth stammered out: 'Solomon's! And what is the special point of his system of training?'

'Briefly this,' replied the other. 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.'

Wisdom in Brief.

The hand that holds the rod should always be controlled by love.

Every great gift has a germ of responsibility hidden within itself.

It is doing that which costs something that strengthens the moral backbone.

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it for anyone else.

Happiness consists in activity. Such is the constitution of our nature; it is a running stream, and not a stagnant pool.

Criticism, as it was first instituted by Aristotle, was meant as a standard of judging well.

Only God can tell how much wrong-doing is prevented by one man doing right.

The ambitious man has little happiness, but is subject to much uneasiness and dissatisfaction.—'Temperance Journal.'

Find the Man.

By counting the words in the following references you will find the age of a certain man in the Bible.

Matt. xxvi., 67; Gen. viii., 15; Mark v., 8; John xiii., 6; John x., 30; Rev. xiii., 9; John xi., 35; Esther ix., 5; Matt. v., 4.

This man's father's age was 147. Who was this man and what was his age?—'Ram's Horn.'

One Tenth or Tenth-Tenth.

A cheap religion wins a cheap return. It is right for a man to give a tenth of his income directly to the Lord's work, yet a man who thinks he has thereby done his whole duty is but a tenth of a man and a tenth of a Christian. Only the man who dedicates himself and all that he has to the service of his Master will get all that the Master has to give.—'Sunday School Times.'

LESSON III.—July 15, 1906.

The Good Samaritan.

Luke x., 25-37.

Golden Text.

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.—Matt. v., 7.

Home Readings.

Monday, July 9.—Luke x., 25-37.
Tuesday, July 10.—Luke x., 1-24.
Wednesday, July 11.—Matt. xxv .,31-46.
Thursday, July 12.—II. Kings vii., 24-35.
Friday, July 13.—John iv., 9-24.
Saturday, July 14.—James ii., 14-26.
Sunday, July 15.—James ii., 14-26.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

Another pearl in the lovely and priceless strand of our Lord's thirty-three parables, one of unusual size, weight, and lustre, claims our attention.

It is hard for us Occidentals to appreciate the license taken by Oriental audiences in the midst of public discourse. They express their approval or dissent not only by facial and manual gesture, but by audible word. Discussions spring up among the auditors, and the speaker often has a running accompaniment of comment. So it was no novel thing that in the midst of Jesus' discourse the voice of a teacher of the Jewish law rang out, 'Rabbi, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?'

It was a mere dialectic gauntlet tossed at Jesus' feet. The schoolman would fain convert that Perean roadway into an arena where he could display his hardihood and skill with his logical lance. He should at least be given the benefit of a doubt of having any special animosity against Jesus. Sacred things to him had lost their sacredness. Law and prophets were only an armory for wit and subtlety.

The Master takes him upon his own ground. 'Thou art versed in the law. Mayhap you have an answer in the text-box of your own phylactery?' The lawyer's response is quick and apposite. As in a flash one sees how superior the religion of the old covenant was to the current religion of Judaism. They had ceased to be identical. The religion of God was love, but the religion of Pharisaism was a narrow and cold system of dialectics.

The lawyer, conscious of his inability to keep the law in its full breadth, would fain enter his Pharisaical refinement upon it in the question, 'Who is my neighbor?' Jesus has driven the matter home to his heart, but he will dexterously fend it off with its dialectic. Jesus finds the pledge of eternal life in the subjective state; this religious dodger begs to know the objective status of those toward whom he is to exercise himself. If they are Jews and friends he will love them. More than that the paraphrases, targums, and what-nots of Pharisaism do not require of him.

At this point the wideness and purity of the love which God instills in the penitent and trustful soul is flashed out in one of the most incomparable parables that ever dropped even from the lips of Him who spake as never man did.

The site of the story was notable, not to say notorious; the personae, a wounded traveller, a priest, a Levite, a Samaritan. The priest and Levite show us 'how not to do it.' They palliate and excuse themselves. The sufferer may not be a Jew; if so, the law, as they interpret it, makes no demand upon them. Even if a Jew, he might die while they were binding up his wounds; and if he did, they would be ceremonially polluted and disqualified from temple service. Ah! how they had failed to learn that, if God could not have both mercy and the ceremony of sacrifice, he would choose mercy always.

The Samaritan does not stop to parley; he just neighbors the unfortunate man, and that is the end of it. He does it heartily and thoroughly. That naked and ensanguined form makes its own plea to him, and makes it not in vain as to the others. He opens both heart and pocket. The commercial traveller is transformed into the trained nurse as he sits the night watches through by the sufferer's side. Only, when he reached the boundary of another duty did he leave him. Even then he projected his aid into the future by the deposit he made, and the pledge he left.

Again, and this time beyond appeal, Jesus casts the matter back into the heart of his interlocutor, where it belonged, saying: 'Who neighbored the unfortunate man?' To this, of course, there could be but one answer: 'He who, rid of all racial prejudice and all selfishness, loved his fellow, and that, too, in none of the sentimentalism which etherealized in sighs and tears and flourish of lavender-scented cambric, but materialized in wine, oil, and pence, a saddle and a couch.'

Any Christianity which falls short in this test is unworthy of the name of Him who said, 'Do thou likewise.'

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

1. A pearl of a parable.
   Greatest in the strand in some respects.
2. Circumstances under which spoken
   Freedom of Oriental audiences.
3. A question interjected.
   Only a dialectic gauntlet.
4. Jesus' skill. Takes man on his own ground.
   Has him answer his own question.
   Decline of practical religion revealed.
   Love vs. Dialectics.
5. Dialectical refinement upon 'neighbor' attempted.
6. Jesus responds with the incomparable parable.
   Term neighbor not defined.
   Subjective state which makes a man neighbor to every one illustrated.
7. Terse application.
   'Do thou likewise!'

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

To this day a public speaker in the East needs to be ready at repartee. He is a target for questions which, if he can not answer or foil, he instantly loses prestige with his auditors. A missionary in the streets of Bombay was getting on famously with his hearers until a pundit passing called out contemptuously: 'The man who invented illuminating gas did more for the world than your Jesus!' The missionary retorted: 'When the man comes to die he'll send for a gas-fitter, I suppose.' The speaker more than regained his audience.

* * * *

The lawyer saw an opportunity to air his erudition—to tempt this influential rabbi into the mazes of cunning dialectics and subtle casuistry, in which he hoped to snare him, and thus elevate himself in public esteem.

* * * *

Do to inherit: The question is based on the false notion that eternal life is of works. There is no consciousness of human inability and guilt. The lawyer would not have known what that means—

'Lay your deadly doing down,
All down at Jesus' feet.'

* * * *

But the lawyer finds the way of legality as hard and forbidding as Bunyan's pilgrim. He hedges right away. He can love his neighbor, if he is allowed to define the term neighbor.

* * * *

Jesus does not Himself define the term neighbor; but by an example, irresistible in its charm, He shows that subjective state of heart which makes a man neighbor to all his fellows.

* * * *

Divine religion has its mark in that it is epitomized with extraordinary facility. The scribes heaped up great causistical burdens for men's backs. Their prohibitions and positive precepts were fairly bewildering and interminable. But Jesus sweeps them all aside, puts instead of them one word—Love.

* * * *

And by chance there came down a certain priest that way—better by concurrence. A better definition could not be given; not, indeed, by providence, which is a heathen abstraction for which the Bible has no equivalent, but for the concrete reality of God's providing. He provides through a concurrence of circumstances, all in themselves natural and in the succession of ordinary causation (and this distinguishes it from the miracle), but the concurring of which is directed and overruled by him. And this helps us to put aside those coarse tests of the reality of prayer and of the direct rule of God which men some time propose. Such stately ships ride not in such shallow waters. Luke x (Edersheim II., 238.)

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, July 15.—Topic—How can I be a true friend? Prov. xvii., 17, 18, 24, 27; ix., 17, 19; Eccl. iv., 9, 10.

Junior C. E. Topic.

OUR ADVISERS.

Monday, July 9.—Rehoboam the king. Kings xi., 43.

Tuesday, July 10.—The people's request. I. Kings xii., 1-5.

Wednesday, July 11.—The old men's advice. II. Chron. x., 6, 7.

Thursday, July 12.—The young men's advice. II. Chron. x., 8-11.

Friday, July 13.—Results of bad advice. I. Kings xii., 13-30.

Saturday, July 14.—Solomon's advice. Prov. xxii., 16-23.

Sunday, July 15.—Topic—Good advisers and bad ones. I. Kings xii., 6-11.

Good Singing.

'Make a joyful noise unto the Lord.' We might add that it be as general and harmonious as possible. Good singing is one of the necessaries in a good Sunday school. 'Let all the people praise thee.' How often have we gone into schools where there was only a piece of a book for about four or five persons. Where the books are few and what there are, are old and torn, you can set it down that everything else is on the ragged edge. Young life delights in variety. Let that variety be well selected. We must not despise these things. It would be the beginning of a revival if some schools we know of would make a contribution to the rubbish pile and stock up. The best evidence of life is life. It will only show itself where it exists. It can't exist very long where the spirit and desire for better things are lacking. Sing up! The world moves. This grace is progressive.—'Evangelical.'

Give the Best.

You owe it to your class and to your Lord to give the best you have at every opportunity. Thorough preparation is one of the essentials. You must have it to do your best. One of the best ways is a teachers' meeting. This should be more than a place for the mere study of the lesson. It should throw light on the hard problems of study and government and give spiritual inspiration and renewal of strength. If there is no general teachers' meeting, two or three teachers might have one of their own, taking an hour each week for it. Bible-hungry and soul-loving teachers can find some way to perfect their preparation.—'Evangelical'

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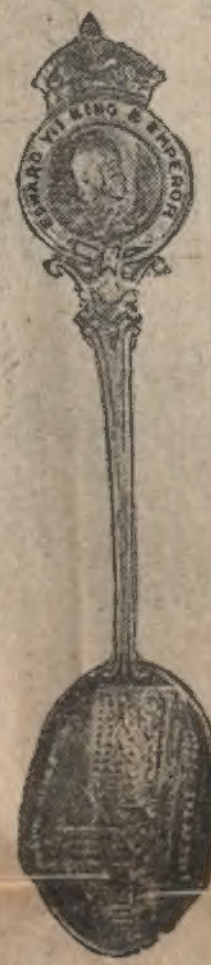


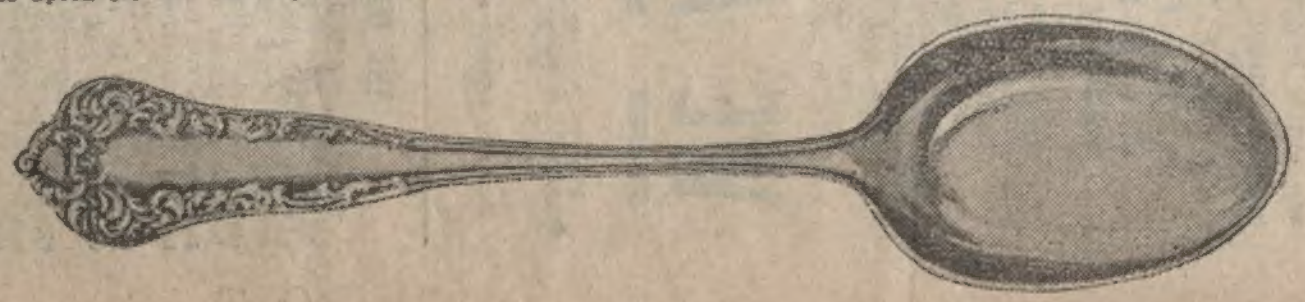
1. Sterling Silver Souvenir Spoons, see cut No. 1), bright silver finish or richly gilt. The handle is ornamented with coat-of-arms of each province, in fine hard enamel, or with enamel maple leaf for Alberta and Saskatchewan, whose coat-of-arms is not yet authorized. The great attraction about this spoon is that we will have the bowl hand engraved to your order, with any single name you choose—your surname—your Christian name—or the name of your town. This is a rare chance for residents in new districts to get a handsome Souvenir Spoon that they could not buy locally for any money. These Spoons, with Christian name engraved, would form a most acceptable present for any one. When intended as a gift we will mail direct postpaid and registered to any address, with sender's card enclosed, if supplied. This spoon retails regularly at $1.25. One of these spoons given for new subscriptions to any of our publications to the value of $1.80

2. Sterling Silver Souvenir Spoon (see cut No. 2), with head of either King or Queen on handle, and bowl stamped with Parliament Buildings, Ottawa; silver finish or gilt as preferred. Retails at $1.25. One of these spoons is given for new subscriptions to the value

STERLING SILVER SPOONS

No. 3.

3.—Sterling Silver Souvenir Spoon, larger and heavier than the above. (See Cut No. 3.) Bowl engraved to order, as quoted for No. 1. Handle showing handsome figure of Indian, with raised paddle; the whole surmounted with fine hard enamel coat of arms. Retails at $2.25.
This Spoon for new subscriptions to the value of $4.00



No. 4.

4.—Sterling Silver Tea Spoon, beautiful chaste pattern; something to give life-long satisfaction. Style and size similar to cut.

One Spoon given for new subscriptions to the value of only $1.80

Or, one Spoon, same quality and pattern as above, but heavier and slightly larger, for $2.75

single teaspoons, as a basis for calculation. This is a stock pattern, and you can go on adding to your supply. Teaspoons, dessertspoons, forks, etc., on similar lines. Every house likes to have some sterling table appointments; the more we have the better we like it as a general thing. Some thrifty folk give each child a spoon as a birthday gift, and it is a capital plan. Such gifts last; their value gets greater instead of less as time goes

use. Plated this time, but plate that any housekeeper may be proud of. Genuine '1847 Rogers,' and all know the reputation of Rogers goods.

Here, again, we only quote sample premium, as we can supply all you need along this line on a similar basis.

This is our offer:—

One half dozen Teaspoons of this '1847 Rogers' silver plate, neatly packed in plush-lined box, postpaid and registered to

6.—A dainty, heart-shaped Locket; just what every girl wants; such as any lady might be proud to wear; has place for two pictures; 14 karat gold filled; warranted for ten years. (See Cut No. 5.) Bright gold or dull gold finish. Retails at $2.00.

One Locket given for new subscriptions to the value of $3.00

N.B.—For 15c per letter in cash, or for $1.00 more worth of new subscriptions, we will have the Locket engraved with handsome script monogram of not more than two or three letters.

No. 1

Queen on handle, and bowl stamped with Parliament Buildings, Ottawa; silver plain or gilt as preferred. Retails at $1.25. One of these spoons is given for new subscriptions to the value of $1.80

No. 2.

One Spoon given for new subscriptions to the value of only $1.80

Or, one Spoon, same quality and pattern as above, but heavier and slightly larger, for .. ..

What Red Gables Taught Her

Lonny Davis had been advised not to return to Red Gables another year.

During her interview with Miss Latham in that lady's study, whose very atmosphere of sunny calm was charged with something impressive, even awesome, to the girls who were received there by special appointment, she had learned that the two years already spent at school had amounted for her to nothing less than a disgraceful failure. Her record, while not heinously bad, was absolutely devoid of good. From the first, she had shirked her studies, and failed to show the slightest appreciation of her advantages and responsibilities.

Red Gables was limited in its capacity for pupils, and on the waiting list were many eager to make earnest use of its opportunities.

'If I could see in you, Leonora,' said the teacher, concluding, 'any sign of gain in anything—if you could give me proof of progress or improvement in any direction, I should take heart of hope, and say we will go on trying. But you have been with us now two years, and so far as I can see—not from lack of ability—in that case I should feel very differently, as you well know—but, as it seems, from sheer indifference, your school life is making no impression whatever for good on your mind or character. And so, however reluctantly, I feel that your chance should be given to another.'

Miss Latham did not say this severely, but sadly, which was much worse; for Lonny was of an exceedingly cheerful disposition, and hated anything that verged upon pathos. She admitted frankly and directly the truth of what the principal had said, and the justice of her decision, with a vague reserve in her own mind as to both.

Looking back at the Leonora of two years ago, and then at the Leonora of today, Lonny was conscious of a difference—of a change, a gain, somewhere, directly connected with her experience of school life. She could not have put this consciousness into words, and felt, dismally, that, whatever the nature of the gain, it was probably quite worthless, as tested by any other standard than her own personal feeling. Yet she was vaguely comforted thereby, and went out from the judicial presence less cast down, perhaps, then she should have been, by its stern judgment and decree.

She was not wont to analyze her feelings, nor indeed to think very deeply about anything. At the present moment her keenest impression was that leaving school meant parting from Kitty Robb. And she loved Kitty Robb. Kitty was a fine scholar; she would go straight on to a brilliant climax of graduation, while Lonny settled down to the somewhat dull routine of her life at home. Fortunately there was no one there to be hurt or disappointed by her failure. Lonny was an orphan, and her Aunt Mary, who had sent her to school at the girl's own wish, would not grieve nor wonder, if a change of caprice induced her to give up the course she had planned to take.

Aunt Mary would come on to hear the Cantata, which was to be given during Commencement week, and would bring Cousin Jim, a young college student some years older than Lonny, to whose visit she looked forward with unqualified glee.

'Jim will enjoy the Cantata so much!' she said to Kitty Robb. 'He is perfectly devoted to music, and as bright about it as I am stupid.'

Well, there was that to look forward to, and she need not say anything about leaving school until after Commencement. Meanwhile—there was Kitty now, out on the lawn, waving her racket in joyous greeting.

The June sky was blue and clear. The grass was in its first glory of emerald freshness. The gray stone house with its red gables showed pleasantly against the dark trees among which it stood. Girls sat on the steps, strolled about the walks and ran and shouted and laughed in the tennis courts.

Lonny felt suddenly how much more fond of it all she was than she had thought. The associations, the friendships, the very routine of the busy days, whose dullest tasks were sweetened by the constant joy of companionship—how familiar and how dear they were! The sight of the croquet wickets, over whose position she and Sallie Young had wrangled refreshingly ever since September—the brown cover of her Latin Grammar, which she had caught up hastily when summoned to Miss Latham's room, with a dim notion that its presence in her hand might have a propitiatory tendency—even these sent a pang to her heart.

If there had been another chance—if she could in any way manage to produce that proof for which Miss Latham asked, but, of course, that was impossible now.

'Hallo!' cried Kitty. 'You're just in time! There's a rehearsal at the hall at four o'clock.' And away they went, arm in arm, Lonny shaking the weight from her heart as lightly as she had shaken the dust from her Grammar.

In the little dressing-room of the hall she stood with the other girls on the evening of the performance.

The building was filled with guests, and well up in a front row sat Aunt Mary, with handsome Jim, whose interest in the occasion had in no whit disappointed his cousin.

Lonny was full of glee. No part of any prominence was hers; but at least she could go on with the rest, and sing in the choruses which she had picked up, in her own haphazard way, from them. And this she enjoyed. She loved to feel herself one of the fluttering, white-robed sisterhood moving together lightly with harmonious pace. And she loved to see and listen to Kitty Robb, who had a solo part, and was an image of girlish grace and sweetness when she sang.

The organist was in her place in the little gallery at the left of the platform; the pianist in hers, below; the violinist was softly trying the strings of his instrument for the last time. A final whisper ran through the group, Miss Myers, the leader, gave the signal, and in they marched.

That was a moment for Lonny! To stand there among her fellows on the radiant platform, and look down over the sea of smiling, upturned faces—this was to set one's heart, already quickened by excitement, all a-throb with joyous pride. But in a moment it began, the delicate melody of the piano sustained by the full tones of the organ, the violin streaming high above both.

The prelude swept on for a few bars. Then, suddenly, there was a squeak, a wheeze—the organ gave a great sigh, and stopped. The other instruments went on; but a wave of dismay ran among the girls. This break at the very outset troubled them, threatened to upset their composure, to disturb the confidence and enthusiasm so necessary to their success.

Lonny stood at the end of the platform where they had entered. She felt the strain of the emergency, and, quick of wit and of movement, slipped from her place and down into the ante-room.

At one side was a door, from which a flight of stairs led into the basement of the hall, and at the top of these stairs a little movable platform was arranged, to support the short but sturdy figure of Teddy Magee, the organ blower.

Teddy, as a pillar of the institution, was prone to totter. He frequently fell asleep at his post, and was subject to attacks of incapacitating illness, quickly relieved when blowing time was over. But he was deeply devoted to Miss Glenn, the organist,, and had taken his place in season on this eventful evening.

'Teddy!' called Lonny, cautiously opening the door. 'What ails the boy!'

By the dim light of the lantern swinging overhead, she discerned Teddy's prostrate figure lying on the steps, apparently in the agonies of dissolution.

'I got the toot'ache!' wailed Teddy.

'Toothache! And is that why you can't use your arms?' cried Lonny, distracted.

The organist's signal, sharp, imperative, sounding behind her, made her jump. Teddy, too, at the familiar summons, rose mechanically, and reached for the pumping-bar. But just as he grasped the handle, a fresh pang made him drop it with a suppressed howl.

'Is it so bad as that!' said Lonny. 'Give me the bar!'

'I t'ought I could, but I can't!' sobbed Teddy, writhing. Lonny looked at his swollen cheek, half sympathetic, half indignant.

'Teddy Magee,' she said, 'give me that bar, and go home and put some laudanum on your "toot." I guess I can manage this organ!'

She grasped the bar as it rose, and pushed it up and down vigorously until the indicator showed that the pipes were full. Now—if only Miss Glenn had not given up! No—in a moment the boards above her head began to vibrate to the roll of the organ. The girls' voices joined in with it sweetly; and Lonny laughed.

'Good thing I haven't an important part!' she said, pumping steadily. 'They'll never miss my little squeak, and I might as well stay, now I'm here. The organ parts keep coming in.'

It was strange to be shut away suddenly in this dark, close little corner from all the radiance of the scene without. Its sounds came to her through the muffling walls—the music, the applause that followed. She thrilled with rapturous pride at this, and fancied Aunt Mary and Jim clapping with the rest.

A voice—the voice of one of the teachers—called softly through the crack of the door. 'Teddy!'

'Ay, ay, sir!' said Lonny, cheerfully.

'Lonny Davis! Are you pumping?'

'Yes'm,' said Lonny. 'Teddy was dying, you know, with the toothache, and I sent him home. I can pump all right. Is it going well?'

'My dear child! I am afraid—I'll try and send some one else'—

But there were many things to look after, and she did not send any one else. Probably she forgot about it later.

When it was all over, and the last chord of music had died away, Lonny flew joyfully from her prison, and made her way through the crowd to her aunt.

'Wasn't it fine!' she cried, glowing. 'Didn't we do well!'

Jim laughed. 'We!' he said. 'And what did you have to do with it, Miss Lonny? Apparently you made your exit early!'

'O, I was pumping the organ,' said Lonny. 'The boy gave out, and there wasn't time to get any one else. But, Jim, wasn't it'—

She stopped, somewhat embarrassed by the discovery that Miss Latham was close by, talking with some friends, and that just then her eyes met Lonny's with a smile which the girls did not quite understand.

It was explained to her the next day by Miss Latham herself, in a little speech which she made informally to the girls before they left the assembly room.

'The success of a performance like last night's,' she said, after some words of cordial praise, 'is due largely to what we call "esprit de corps," the endeavor of each to do her best simply as a part of the general whole, and in a spirit of generous enthusiasm for the success of that whole. And the girl who has learned the meaning of this "esprit de corps"—who has learned to sink her own individuality, in that of a larger unit, and to play, gladly, and all unconscious of sacrifice, the humblest part, if so she may contribute to the interest of the body of which she is only a member—that girl has learned something which books cannot teach her, and which is worth all the experience and discipline of her school life.'

'Why, that's it!' said Lonny, suddenly, to herself, feeling that her own dim thoughts were being put into words. The narrow little Lonny of two years ago—would she have felt, or acted, like the Lonny of last night? This Lonny loved the girls, and their success was hers. Was that 'esprit de corps?' And did Miss Latham understand?

Walking slowly through the hall, with a vague quickening of hope in her heart, she felt the principal's hand upon her shoulder, and turning, met her smile.

'Lonny,' said Miss Latham, 'I am thinking of making some changes in the house this summer. Should you like to room with Kitty Robb—when you come back next fall?'

—'Congregationalist and Christian World.'

LITTLE FOLKS

Our Ramble.

'We had such a fine ramble in the woods yesterday. We picked flowers and ferns to bring home,

but our bundles got so big that we left them behind, and only brought home one basket full.

Just when we were so hot and thirsty that we did not know what to do, we saw a stall where a woman was selling fruit and toys.

When we had eaten some nice juicy apples, Edgar bought me a pretty air-balloon, but I'm sorry to say it burst on the way home.—'Our Little Dots.'

Betty's Beauty-Spot.

(Hilda Richmond, in 'United Presbyterian.')

'O, dear,' said Betty's mamma, when she was trying to arrange the furniture in the new home, which was a very old house, 'I'm afraid we'll never be able to make this room look pretty. Just look at those spots and stains on the windowsill, spite of the fresh paint!'

'Mrs. Ford used that old-fashioned ledge for a plant-shelf inside and out,' said papa. 'Why couldn't we do the same? The pots would hide the ugly marks and the blossoms would make the room so cheerful in winter.'

'But I haven't time for plants,' said mamma. 'Baby takes so much of my time, and then the other children must be ready for school at eight, so you see it keeps me busy, though Betty is a great help to me.'

Betty was eight and the only girl in the little flock. The baby called her 'Little Mamma,' and the boys thought her the best playmate in the world. She could dust and hem towels and set the table and lots of other things for mamma, and just now a bright thought popped into her curly head. 'I'll take care of the flowers, mamma,' she said, quickly. 'I love to water plants and see them grow.'

'But, dearie, you have so many things to do. Mamma is afraid her little helper works too hard now. You see the dead leaves would have to be picked off every day and the dust washed from the leaves if you wanted your garden to look nice.'

'Please, please let me try it,' begged Betty. 'It will just be play, mamma. You know you trust me to wash baby's face, and I will play I'm washing the baby plants' faces.'

So Betty's papa took the little girl to the green-house, and there she picked out scarlet geraniums, ferns, daisies, violets, and two lovely vines to train up the sides of the big window. She could hardly wait till school was out that afternoon to rush home and see if the man had sent the plants as he promised. There they were on an old table in the hall, all ready for Betty to arrange, for mamma knew how much pleasure she would have if the garden was all her own work.

'Smell the dear little violets, mamma!' said Betty, holding the dainty flowers close to her mother's nose. 'No! no! baby mustn't touch the pretty posies,' as the chubby hand made a dive toward the tempting blossoms. 'Baby smell, too.'

But the dear little rascal sneezed and shook his head when the leaves tickled his wee nose, so Betty took the pot to the window again. At last she had them all in orderly rows with the low, growing plants next the glass and the taller ones behind. Mamma had to go out on the porch with her to see how they looked from the street, and it was a pretty sight to look at, for the modest violets and daisies seemed to be hiding under the leaves, while the bright geraniums hung over the tiny pots protectingly.

Day after day Betty gave the thirsty plants a drink out of the little watering-pot papa bought for her, and never once did they droop and grow sickly on account of neglect. I have seen gardens belonging to little girls that looked as if the small owners had forgotten them, but Betty's was not that kind of garden. She picked off the dead leaves and blossoms, and every night when it was very cold, she ran outside and fastened the big, old-fashioned shutters over the window to keep her precious plants from freezing.

Betty didn't always wait till the blossoms were withered to pick them off, but gathered bouquets for the table and for all the sick people in the neighborhood. Old Mrs. Grove, who had been sick for years, had some fragrant violets in a tiny vase by her bed the very first week after Betty put the plants in the window, and every week a fresh bunch went to the poor lady till summer came. Her pots of daisies went to Church very often, and the minister said they were the sweetest flowers he knew of, for they reminded him of his old home. So all the winter the little garden

gave joy and gladness to many people.

'What do you think Mr. Thorne called my garden, mamma?' asked Betty, coming home from a visit to the sick minister, to whom she had carried a bouquet.

'I'm sure I can not guess, dear, but it must have been something very nice, for your eyes are smiling even if you are trying to keep your face sober.'

'He says he always thinks of it when the daisies are on the altar-rail, and says to himself: "I see Betty's beauty-spot has given something to the services to-day."'

'I think that is a very pretty name, and it just suits your garden,' said mamma. 'It is a beauty-spot for us and all who pass. When summer comes we will have a big flower-bed on the lawn, so you can have larger bouquets, but it will never be nicer than the dear, little beauty-spot.'

What Are They For?

What are your hands for—little hands?
'To do each day the Lord's commands.'

What are your feet for—busy feet?
'To run on errands true and fleet.'

What are your lips for—rosy sweet?
'To speak kind words to all I meet.'

What are your eyes for—starry bright?
'To be the mirrors of God's light.'
—Mary F. Butts.

One Kind of a Hero.

'Dear me! If only I could get up and be like some of these men, if I could be a real hero!' Felix said it often to himself, as he read of great and good men, until his heart glowed with admiration. He was lying on a couch, this poor little boy, to whom had come very early in life a sad, sad injury. He lay there week after week and month after month; and soon it would be year after year, for there was no hope of his ever getting up from it in the health and strength which blesses other boys. As he watched their play he felt it keenly, but without quite the pain which might have come with the thought that he never could do anything to be like the heroes he loved; for Felix had a brave little soul, and was more anxious to do something which he felt to be great than to seek for amusement.

He talked it out with his mother one day—all his admiration and his longing to follow the example of his favorite heroes. 'I would do anything,' he said, clasping his thin hands. 'I would not care how I had to suffer or what I had to give up. O mamma, it's ten times harder to lie still.'

'Then, dear, if you have the harder thing to bear, and you bear it well, why are you not as great a hero as any one of your great men?'

The idea was so new, so great, and so astonishing that Felix could not take it all in at once. He did not reply, but lay gazing at his mother with large, thoughtful eyes.

'I mean it,' she said. 'If you have more to suffer, more to give up, why are you not, if you bear it patiently and give up without murmuring, more of a hero than those you read of?'

She went quietly away, leaving Felix to think out the wonderful thought by himself.—Selected.

The Adventures of a Grey Cat

Did you ever hear of a cat playing scarecrow? And a stuffed pussy, too, at that? Not very long ago a lady who loves her garden very much was greatly troubled because of the flocks of hungry sparrows which came in families and companies and picked up all the little grass and flower seeds as fast as they were sown. They were bold, saucy little fellows, not easily frightened away, and the lady was in despair.

'Why not have a cat?' some kind friend suggested; but no, a cat would kill the little birds. Then a bright idea came to the lady's mind, and, to her family's amusement, a sleek-looking, grey flannel pussy mounted guard over the precious seeds.

How the sparrows twittered and complained, but not one of them dare brave that fierce-looking sentinel!

All day long puss sat in the middle of the garden, but late in the afternoon she mysteriously disappeared, and the watchful birds were quick to discover her absence; so that the lady was obliged to start out on a search for the missing guard. Not very far from home, there sat Miss Pussy on a neighboring porch, looking as dignified as ever. She was seized upon with great satisfaction, when a door opened, and out came Mrs. Neighbor with a very merry smile upon her face.

'I must tell you how completely I have been deceived,' she exclaimed. 'You know how very much afraid of cats I am? Well, my dear friend, I have been standing at my window for some time, clapping my hands and crying "Shoo!" "Scat!" to that very life-like animal, and feeling much disgusted that I could not frighten it away!'

Both ladies had a hearty laugh over the funny circumstance, but it was yet to be explained how puss managed to get away from the garden. It was not long, however, before another funny story came to the Garden Lady's ears. Another neighbor, out for a stroll with her baby and two pet dogs, was startled to see one of the dogs dash past, carrying by the neck a large grey cat, and shaking it violently as he ran.

Mrs. Mother dropped her baby and started in pursuit, crying, 'You shall not kill that cat! You shall not!'

Can you imagine her surprise when she found that she had rescued a puss made of grey flannel and stuffed with cotton?

She could not guess its rightful home, so she left it on the step where the dog had dropped it, whence it came once more into the hands of its owner, and at last accounts was sitting in quiet dignity under the watchful eyes of the disappointed sparrows. — 'Great Thoughts.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School.

Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies, also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Correspondence

B., Man.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from here, I think I will write one. I go to school every day, and I am in the Fourth Book. I like my teacher very much. B. is a nice town on the south bank of the Assiniboine River. There is good skating on it in the winter, but in the summer there is no bathing, because there is too swift a current. Last summer there was a little boy fishing beside it, and he fell in and was drowned. Last Christmas we had an entertainment in our school. We had it decorated nicely, and had a fine time. I have taken the 'Messenger' for a number of years, and like the Correspondence Page very much. I think the story of 'Rasmus, or the Making of a Man' is very good. The answer to Sarah E. Paul's riddle is a candle, I think. I will send a riddle. 'How many peas in a pint?' I like reading very much, and have read a number of books.

JAMES J. McCLENNAN.

P. G., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I am a little girl eight years old. My birthday is on August 4th. I am in the Part Second book. I did not go to school this winter, I had a cold. My brother goes to school every day. He is in the third class. I pieced a quilt when I was six years old, and a had a quilting bee. I have a dog named Rover, and he will draw me on the sleigh.

GERTIE.

Y.

Dear Editor,—This if my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I have taken the 'Messenger' over a year. I like it very well. I am eleven years old. I go to school, and am in the third book. The school is about a half a mile from where I live. I saw some conundrums in some of the letters, so I am going to try to answer them. A little boy got ten cents' worth of nails. What did he get them for? For ten cents. If a donkey was on one side of a deep river, and a bundle of carrots was on the other side, and he liked them very much, but could not jump or swim, or go around, what would he do? He would give it up.

I am sending some. What was Joan of Arc made of? What goes around the house and peeps in at every corner? What is that which is lengthened by cutting at both ends?

HAROLD EVANS.

M. F., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I, like many other girls and boys, think the 'Messenger' a very interesting paper. This is the first year I have taken it, and it was sent to me as a Christmas gift. The story of Rasmus is very interesting. I am very fond of reading, but I go to school and take music lessons, so my time is pretty well taken up. I was away for Easter holidays, and had a very nice time. I enjoyed being in the bush helping to make maple syrup. Some of the conundrums are very puzzling. I think the answer to M. E. S.'s second riddle is cut-glass.

I will send a few.

1. Can you telephone from a street-car?
2. If you got tired of the world, what would you do?
3. If Tom's son is Dick's father, what relation is Tom to Dick?

RUTH DURANT.

G.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday school, and like it very much. I went to Sunday school since I was a year and a half old. I think I will answer V. B.'s riddle, the scholar's name was Andrew. I have a sister and no brothers. I go to school every day, and I am in the last part of the second reader. I like my teacher very much. I live in G., a pretty town situated on the Grand River. I was in Montreal last summer, and up Mount Royal. How many times does the word 'is' occur in the fourth Psalm? What Psalm in the Bible has only three verses?

J. R. JOHNSTON.

F., Ont.

Dear Editor,—How should the following be read:—

YY U R
YY U B,
I C U R
YY 4 ME.

The name of my home is 'Knopping Home.' There is a small pond at the back of it where we can fish. There are a lot of trees around the house, and very often when we have a picnic it is held here.

This is a small village in which is a store, a harness, waggon and blacksmith shop. I have read several books, and among those I liked best were: 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'Tom's Troubles,' 'No. 6 Victoria Ward,' 'Dad's Dorothy,' and 'How Paul's Penny became a Pound.'

MARGARET SHIPLEY.

C., N.B.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I take it and like it very much. I have three brothers and two sisters.

I have for pets one dog and two cats. I am eleven years old. My birthday is the 2nd of December. I will close with some riddles:

When a boy falls into the water, what is the first thing he does?

How many sticks go to the building of a crow's nest?

Why is a cat on her hind legs like a waterfall?

IVA B. SMITH.

Q., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for two years. I wonder if any person's birthday is on the same day as mine, November 17th. I go to school regularly, and am in the junior third class. We have a nice teacher. His name is Mr. P. My favorite studies are arithmetic and geography. Edyth Brooks asked how many times 'Reverend' is found in the Bible? It is found only in Ps. cxi., 9. I will close with a puzzle: What has a bed, but never sleeps in it, and has a mouth, but never speaks?

BERTHA NEWTON (age 11).

Q., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have never written to the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write today, as it is the baby's birthday. I have one brother a year old to-day. His name is Aubrey Ross, and one sister, her name is Norma Essie. She is three years old in August. I go to school nearly every day. I like going to school very much; we play games and ball. I am in the third book. We have a very nice teacher. I am sending a few conundrums:

1. A riddle, a riddle, as I suppose, a hundred eyes and never a nose?
2. Flower of Virginia, fruit of Spain, met together in a shower of rain, put in a bag tied round with a string. If you tell me this riddle, I'll give you a pin?
3. Black within and red without, four corners round about.
4. As I went through the garden gate, whom should I meet but Dick red coat, a stick in his hand, and a stone in his throat. If you tell me this riddle I'll give you a groat.

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I am fourteen years old, and am going to school.

I enjoy reading your Correspondence, and will ask some riddles.

The answers to C. G. Killen's questions are:

1. Three pears. 2. A match.

I will also answer one of Ethel Bailey's questions. 5. When she is Chille. The answer to Eva M. Nichols's is a pail. The answers to E. Donaldson's are: 1. Water. 2. A waggon.

HERMAN BARR.

E. W., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I received the Bible for getting three subscriptions for the 'Northern Mesenger.' I think the Bible is very nice, and I received it in good condition. I will be ten years old on the 22nd of March. I am about five feet high, my eyes are blue-gray, my hair is brown, and I weigh 80 pounds. I am large for my age. I have four brothers and two sisters. The word schoolmaster is found in Galatians, third chapter and 27th verse.

LENA B. WHIDDEN.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Canadian Flag.' Ernest Urquhart, A., N.S.
2. 'Lily.' Beatrice McC., K., Ont.
3. 'Playing Ball.' Adelene Moore, C., N.B.
4. 'Racing.' Hazel McRitchie.
5. 'Oak.' Edna A. Waugh.
6. 'Mare and Foal.' Lena Proctor, B.P., P. E. I.
7. 'Our Flag.' G. McS. Fowler, N. S.
8. 'Flower.' Muriel Nash, A., Ont.
9. 'Bernie.' Muriel Moore, C., N.B.
10. 'Butterfly.' Archie Brien.
11. 'Table.' Julia H. Cameron, E., N.S.
12. 'Boat.' Herbert Thomas.
13. 'Arch.' Verna Fewster, C., Ont.
14. 'Driving.' Lorne McRitchie, L., Ont.
15. 'Fighting Mac.' Nellie S. Stewart, S., Ont.
16. 'Morning Glory.' Ruth Ludlum, S., Ont.
17. 'Horse's head.' B. Colquhoun, W., Sask.
18. 'Gramaphone.' Winnifred Taylor, L., Kansas.

Temperance

How Liquor Hurts Business.

In the interminable discussion over the tariff issue there is much said about the consumer. Does the consumer pay the tax or is it paid by the foreigner? Would it not be well for the producers of food, clothing, and other useful articles to consider these consumers also?

No manufacturer, no merchant, no farmer can do business without customers. And the better off these customers are the more trade will he get. A customer who lives in abject poverty is practically worthless as a customer. As a customer he is a failure and no producer depends on him or his class for business. The people who are the best and most profitable customers for the manufacturer and the merchant are those who are prosperous, whose ability to earn and to save enables them to be liberal purchasers of their wares.

It follows then that any business, any habit which turns prosperity into poverty, which diverts the earnings of working men and others from the legitimate channels of trade into those which are unnecessary and unprofitable, is a positive damage to every legitimate business. If a man earns, say, twelve dollars a week and spends eight or ten dollars for that which is better without, leaving his family to eke out a miserable existence on the balance, he cannot purchase much from manufacturer, merchant, or farmer.

And this is just what is going on all over our land, and over the civilized world. Men spend each year for intoxicating drinks enough money to bring prosperity to every branch of honest industry. The more than one billion dollars spent last year for liquor did no possible good to those who drank the stuff, but it did prevent them from purchasing food, clothing, furniture, boots and shoes, carpets, and the hundreds of other living articles considered necessary to comfortable living. These men and their families bought only enough food and clothing, and that of the poorest kind, to eke out a miserable existence. Had they spent this vast sum for those articles needed in their homes does anyone doubt what would have resulted? They themselves would have been much happier, better citizens, better parents, while the money would have given employment to hundreds of thousands and brought prosperity to all except those engaged in the damnable business of making and selling liquor.

An Insidious Sin.

The one reason why we have to guard against this sin of intemperance with such extraordinary care is the fact that it, of all sins, insinuates itself into the fibre of the nature, and immediately it begins to affect the character. Do not think of it as a robe that may have been slipped over you, and when it grows uncomfortable you will fling it off. It is a garment like that Hercules wore; it is soaked in every thread and fibre with poison, and the poison will soon begin to go into your system.

It does not matter how honorable and straightforward a man is before he falls beneath the power of this vice. You are as simple as a child if you expect that in a year after, in that man, the very elements of virtue or of strength will remain. You know that is true; you know that there are men whose foreheads would once have mantled with a genuine blush if charged with falsehood; they would deny a fact now and look into your eye. And you know that that man will condescend to the low, despicable cunning of a savage; no ingenuity has ever been discovered short of absolute confinement that will restrain that man from ruining himself, and he will practise any amount of deceit to obtain the poison which is his destruction. His character begins just simply to crumble away, like the foundation of a house when the water is running beneath it. You cannot depend upon the word of a man who has fallen under the power of vice.

This sin comes into the house like a serpent. We can keep out any other; not this one. Your child, the little fellow that used to sit beside you, who used to nestle against you in the church—you see his face tonight; do you know where he is? He whom you loved, now an outcast. You are silent. What do you propose to do to counteract and destroy this terrible evil? Have you any plan? What do you propose to do to save your children from the power of this vice? How do you propose to save your friend? Are you just going to let him slip? It is worth all your thought, all your trouble, all your pain. If you could rescue one single man or woman, although it is just about hopeless, rescue them. Try. If you could rescue one man or woman, it would be the greatest achievement of your life.—The Rev. J. Watson (Ian Maclaren.)

What it Cost to Pave the Streets.

A Sketch.

Mrs. Graves was sitting by the window, her head resting on her hand, gazing out on the street with eyes that saw not, and ears that heard not the noise and excitement below.

Men were hurrying to and fro, buses were busy taking men to the town house, and in the excitement people forgot to go a block out of their way to avoid passing Mrs. Graves' house, on which there was tacked a red card with that dreadful word: 'Diphtheria' printed upon it.

But Mrs. Graves heeded nothing until a faint moan from the farther side of the room aroused her. Instantly she arose and went to the little bed wherein lay her beautiful three-year-old boy. His golden curls were all in a tangle, his cheeks were flushed with fever and his large, blue eyes gazing up at her, knew her not. She brushed the tangled curls from his brow and adjusted the pillow and bed clothing, then taking his little hand in her own, she prayed as she had so many times, 'Oh, God! spare my boy, he is all I have, I cannot let him go.'

Just then she heard the doctor's welcome step on the stairs. He gave a quick rap, opened the door and came in.

Doctor Green was a large portly man, energetic, progressive, and successful in his practice. He was usually cheery, but this evening his face grew grave as he said, after examining the patient:

'Well, he is a pretty sick little fellow, but cheer up, I'll be back in three or four hours and see how you get on.'

The doctor took his hat and medicine case and started for the door, just as a mighty shout went up from the street below. He hastened to the window, and when he saw who the men were that were swinging their hats high in the air, he exclaimed, 'Good! Good! License has carried, no more Egyptian darkness and muddy streets for us.'

'Oh!' said Mrs. Graves, 'How can you say "good?" I am so sorry.'

'Well,' said the doctor, wheeling about, 'I guess if you were in my place and had to go on all sorts of roads, in all kinds of weather, you would vote license yourself, and don't you know,' said he, forgetting, in his excitement, how his words hurt her, 'that if your boy should die of diphtheria, the law here compels you to bury him at night. You would need a pretty good lantern to find a grave these dark nights, besides going through two feet of mud to 'get there.'

Dr. Green passed out, and Mrs. Graves resumed her seat by her boy.

After anxious days and sleepless nights the little fellow recovered, and in a few weeks was his own bright self.

The town soon took on a new aspect, saloons came in as all arrangements were made beforehand; work was commenced on the electric light plant, and the streets were repaired and put in good shape.

But Dr. Green did not long enjoy the improvements of the town. He felt that he was needed in a new territory just opened up, and went, and for eighteen years he worked faithfully, battling with the elements and diseases, then came back to his old home for a much needed rest.

The second day after his arrival in town he called on his old friend and schoolmate, Mrs. Graves. While waiting for an answer to his ring at the door-bell, he thought, 'I must expect to find her looking older; eighteen years dig many a furrow on one's brow.' But he was not prepared for the look of care and suffering he saw on her face, as she met him at the door.

Mrs. Graves recognized the doctor instantly and welcomed him into the sitting room, which was neat but bare of every comfort.

After they had visited awhile and the doctor had told her about his town, how they were soon to vote for license, that they might have paved streets, lights and so forth, he looked around, saying:

'I miss the little fellow, he must be a fine young man by this time. That was a pretty close call he had shortly before I left here. Do you know, I always felt that my pills were not half so effectual as your prayers, and I suppose you have been thanking God ever since that your prayers were answered.'

'I would thank God every day if my prayers had not been answered.'

'Tut, Tut, woman, what do you mean?' As if in answer to his question, her son tottered into the room with his battered hat on the back of his head, his hair dishevelled, his clothes looking as if he had slept in a barn, by the bits of straw clinging to them.

He stood looking stupidly out of his blood-shot eyes; yet even in his dazed condition, there came an air of bold defiance as he noticed there was a stranger present. He tried to steady himself as he said, 'Hello, old woman, got company—hic—got a headache—hic—guess I'll—hic—go to bed.'

He staggered into the bedroom and threw himself heavily on the bed.

'This,' said Mrs. Graves, looking up with her face full of agony, 'is the little boy whose life you saved. Do you wonder that I wish he had died? Would I not be glad to go back eighteen years if I could wash his face, curl his hair over my finger, put on his little white dress, and lay him in a little white casket. And oh! how I would thank God that He took him while he was pure and innocent and kept him from the snares of the saloon.

'You think our streets are paved with a set price, license money. Ah, no; it costs infinitely more—shattering of mothers' fondest hopes; ruins homes and children's souls.'—'Ram's Horn.'

Beer or a Home.

Many men of small income spend 5, 10 or 20 cents a day for beer. Five cents a day saved, and at the end of each year put to interest at five per cent., would at the end of ten years, amount to $205.50; twenty years, $560.0; twenty-five years, $815.00. Ten cents a day so treated would in the same periods respectively amount to $405, $1,120, and $1,630. Twenty cents a day would amount to $910, $2,240, and $3,260.

Think what a comfortable cottage home, with beautiful surroundings in the suburbs of a city or in a village might many a working man possess for the money he expends in a few years on beer.—'National Advocate.'

Moral suasion for the man who drinks;
Mental suasion for the man who thinks;
Legal suasion for the drunkard maker;
Prison suasion for the statute breaker.
—G. W. Bungay.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is July, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

HOUSEHOLD.

Strange Lands.

Where do you come from, Mr. Jay?
'From the land of Play, from the land of Play.'
And where can that be, Mr. Jay?
'Far away—far away.'

Where do you come from, Mrs. Dove?
'From the land of Love, from the land of Love.'
And how do you get there, Mrs. Dove?
'Look above—look above.'

Where do you come from, Baby Miss?
'From the land of Bliss, from the land of Bliss.'
And what is the way there, Baby Miss?
'Mother's kiss—mother's kiss.'

—Laurence Alma Tadema.

A Useless Member.

'Yes,' said Aunt Sarah, surveying her bandaged wrist, 'the doctors say it's a bad sprain; and the minister says I know now how the church feels, in not having the use of all its members. The minister didn't mean that for just a joke, either; he looked at me as if he wanted to see how I'd take it. I had sense enough, too, to feel I deserved to have him say it to me. A word like that comes home pretty straight when one of your own members is useless, and worse.

'I've never thought just what being a member of the church meant before, though I've been one for thirty-five years. I've never felt obliged to do what the church wanted done. I felt it was a favor, my doing it at all, and half the time I let someone else do it instead. When I was through with work at home, and with what things I liked to do outside, then I was willing to do something in the church—if it was the kind of work that suited me. I guess I've been just about as useful a member to the church as the sprained hand is to me, all stiff and crippled, and refusing to bend more than an inch or two.

'There's lots of things I need to do, but I can't use this member to do them—that's certain. That's the way the minister has felt about me, I guess. I've been a useless member for thirty-five years, that's the long and short of it; and, if the rest of the members had been like me, the church would have been as paralyzed as old Cousin Josiah Jones, that can't move hand nor foot. I'm ashamed of myself—I truly am—and things are going to be different from now on,' and Aunt Sarah nodded her head with firm determination, as she looked at the church spire from her window.—'Forward.'

Sabbath With the Children.

We often notice inquiries in regard to keeping children interested on the Sabbath. Any mother who loves the company of her children, and has sufficient time and strength, may find happiness in spending a few hours of the day with them. One who has an interest herself, cannot fail to interest the little ones. If we say, when they come around us longing for something to take up their time, O, go off and play; I am tired, and want to rest;' or, 'I want to read now, don't bother me,' and notice the grieved look, we must have a very interesting book, if that picture does not intrude itself between us and every page.

Dear mothers, why were we given the power to please them? Why do we feel so amply repaid when we unselfishly lay by the things that would interest us possibly more at the moment, but cannot bring the lasting happiness self-denial always brings to those who practice it? These days are the ones our children, and even ourselves, will look to in after years as our best.

There is something in the very air and sunshine of the Sabbath, a peacefulness, a holy calm, a blessed feeling of rest and relief from every-day care. The day is our own and theirs, a God-given day of enjoyment; our opportunity, when we can teach the little ones the things that we cannot talk about freely and have their attention unless we have them all to ourselves. Almost all children love to be talked to, or read to, and good books are so cheap that one need not be without a few. One can tell at a glance, almost, the difference between children who have books and papers for their constant companions and those who do nothing but run the streets. The arguments are all in favor of books. It is from them that children gain a general knowledge of a great many things that cannot be obtained at schools.

Children's minds are like wax, so easily molded; and like marble to retain anything of which you would fain break them. So in our selections of stories or games, as well as their playmates, one cannot be too careful to choose only such as will be a benefit instead of an injury.

Children should never be allowed to form the habit of running around among the neighbor's children on the Sabbath, for soon a spirit of restlessness will take possession of them; and the Sabbath quiet will be forever at an end, if one allows the children to bring their week day companions with them from Sabbath school or church. If mamma has the time and strength to walk out with them, an hour spent in this way is very nice. Point out the beauties of nature and teach them that one of the secrets of happiness lies in being able to enjoy the things that are always within reach of all.—'Housekeeper.'

What he Read.

A young man who recently committed suicide in Indiana, ascribed his downfall to the influence of 'the vilest kind of novels,' which he was allowed to read when eight or nine years old. 'If good books had been furnished me,' he says, 'and no bad ones, I should have read the good books with as great zest as I did the bad ones. Persuade all persons over whom you have influence not to read novels,' was his parting message to his brother. The chaplain of Newgate Prison, in London, in his annual report to the Lord Mayor, referring to many fine looking lads of respectable parentage in the city prison, says that he discovered 'that all these boys, without one exception, had been in the habit of reading those cheap periodicals which are now published for the alleged instruction and amusement of the youth of both sexes.'

Some Callers of Mine.

'Now, don't be in a hurry. When I go to your house I stay two or three hours.'

I looked at my pleasant little friend and made some trifling excuse for leaving. I could not tell her that I was trying to set her an example in the matter of calls; that my pleasure in seeing her at my home was always tempered by the thought that she was good for a two hours' sit.

She is a dear little woman possessed of many lovable qualities. She is kind-hearted, sweet-natured, unselfish, and generous. I like her immensely—for half an hour at a time. How well I remember one hot summer day when I had spent the morning and the first hour of the afternoon over the ironing board. I had just gone upstairs for a much-needed rest when the door-bell rang and Mrs. Butler was announced. There was nothing to do but to dress quickly and go down to the parlor to be entertained until tea-time with a detailed account of Mrs. Butler's new business venture, Rob's college triumphs, and Jennie's headaches, followed by a lengthy discussion of ways and means whereby the Ladies' Aid Society could raise money to buy a new carpet for the Church. All of which interests me ordinarily, but that day my head buzzed and my back ached, so that instead of polite responses to the steady flow of Mrs. Butler's conversation, it is a wonder I did not cry out, 'Why did you come so early? I could have enjoyed this if I had a rest first.' Well, well, I must not scold any more about my good friend. She is a much better woman than I am, only I have more sense about calls. I know that a breezy little chat of twenty minutes or half an hour is refreshing to both caller and hostess, but a long-drawn-out effort at 'making talk' is exhausting to both.

Another point in making calls is timeliness. Just when my potatoes are ready to be mashed, it is not an unmixed pleasure to hear the cheery voice of Mrs. Vance in the hall, 'Tell your mother I want to see her just a minute.' And, of course, I leave everything to see my dear missionary coworker and hear a letter from our presbyterial secretary. One minute lengthens into ten, as we talk it over. I hear my husband come in, and a faint odor of scorched potatoes disturbs my equanimity. It requires an effort not to appear too ready to have Mrs. Vance depart. I hasten to the kitchen to find my meat dry and potatoes hopelessly burned. Mrs. Vance has a cook at home, her husband is not in business, and she does not realize how much ten minutes, just at dinner time, means to me. But she might. I sometimes think a little consideration would teach her to keep away at meal time. I could tell you about the gossipy caller, the doleful caller, the stupid caller, but forbear, lest your attention should be diverted from the worst offenders —the caller who stays too long and the caller who comes at dinner time.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

Paint for Old Barns.

Farmers who have their barns to paint and cannot afford to pay out the necessary money for a good paint can make one that looks good by using the following varieties: Slack one peck fresh stone lime, and while the liquid is still warm add four ounces of glue previously dissolved, one quart raw linseed oil, and such color as is preferred, stirring it well together. This will be very durable on stone, brick, or wood, and will not rub off. White wash or dry color put on with water is made more durable if varnished over with raw oil.

Another cheap paint is made by mixing Venetian red ground oil with boiled linseed oil and adding five times the quantity of crude petroleum. A good whitewash can be made as follows: Slack one-half bushel good stone lime in boiling water, keeping it covered while slacking; strain and add one-half peck salt, dissolved in warm water, three pounds ground rice boiled to a thin paste, one-half pound powdered Spanish whiting, and one pound clear glue dissolved in warm water. Mix it thoroughly with the strained slacked lime and let stand for several days. Apply as hot as possible, with a clean brush. Add dry pigment to make any desired color. —Otto Irwin, in 'Agricultural Epitomist.'

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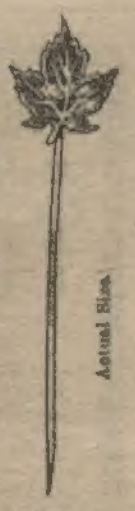

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Selected Recipes.

CREAM OR WHITE SAUCE.—One tablespoon of butter, one tablespoon of flour, one cup hot milk or cream, one-third teaspoon of salt. Melt the butter; when it bubbles put in the flour and rub till smooth; then put in the hot milk, a little at a time, and stir and cook without boiling till the sauce is perfectly smooth and free from lumps. For what is called thick white sauce use two tablespoons of flour and two of butter and a cup of milk.—Selected.

CHEESE STRIPS.—Good cheese strips can be made from the scraps of pie crust by rolling the pastry very thin and dividing into equal parts. Cream two tablespoonfuls of butter, add the beaten yolks of two eggs with the white of one, four tablespoonfuls of grated cheese and a dash of red pepper with salt to taste. Lay one piece of the pastry on a greased baking tin, spread the cheese mixture over it smoothly and cover with the remaining pastry, marking the lines for dividing. Bake in a very quick oven for about ten minutes.—The 'Pilgrim.'

FOR FRYING FRITTERS.— Fritters are various doughs and batters fried in boiling fat, and eaten warm with sugar or sweet sauce. The hot fat gives a puffy lightness and a delicious crisp crust. Lard is most generally used, but cooking oil is better, and even beef fat is good. The fat must be smoking hot to prevent its soaking into the dough. For the same reason batters so cooked must contain more egg than if they were to be baked. The fritter may be rolled out and cut in shapes, or dropped in spoonfuls or run through a funnel, being, of course, mixed a different consistency for each method. Bread fritters are very good made as follows: Trim the crust from sliced bread, cut in nice shapes and soak soft, but not till they break, in a cup of milk to which has been added one beaten egg and some flavoring, as cinnamon, lemon, etc. Drip in batter and fry.

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FLAG DEPARTMENT.

Religious Notes.

The Belgian Parliament has almost unanimously approved the law forbidding the sale and manufacture of absinthe in Belgium. A movement has also been started in France to introduce a similar law there.

In Madagascar some Welsh missionaries were moved, by reading of the work in their own land, to give themselves to prayer for a like blessing in the great island. Special meetings followed, and 1,500 souls were won.—The 'Record of Christian Work.'

The language of Korea is mixed. The educated class use Chinese as much as possible in conversation, but it is a form of Chinese used a thousand years ago, and differs completely in pronunciation from Chinese as now spoken in China.

The spot where David Livingstone died upon his knees, near Lake Bengweola, is at length to be marked by a noble monument to that great and good man in the form of a permanent missionary station. The name of the station is Chitambo, about two hundred and fifty miles west of Lake Nyassa. It is under the auspices of the United Free Church of Scotland, and is known as the Livingstonia Mission. It will be under the charge of Mr. Malcolm Moffat, grandson of the distinguished Robert Moffat, of South Africa. He is also a nephew of David Livingstone. There is already a successful mission station at Mirango, in the same region, with a church of over three thousand members.

A distinguished Russian is at present in the United States in the interests of the religious revival in Russia. In a recent conversation with him, Baron Waldemar Uxkull informed the writer that the recent imperial decrees in favor of religious toleration are really enforced, and that it is now practicable to send missionaries to all parts of Russia, provided that they go in the name of some recognized religious denomination. The Russian government is suspicious of societies, because of their affording possible disguises for political agitators; but will allow any minister of the regular Protestant denominations to preach the gospel in any part of the empire. This is a great opportunity, and for which many have been long praying. For some years the Baptists have had a very successful movement in Russia, and Baron Uxkull is an officer of the Baptist Union, of Russia. But other denominations are now free to enter this open door. The most neglected mission field of the world is Siberia. Let there be much prayer and wise and liberal planning on the part of those who are watching the providence of God and working for the preparation of the world for the Master's coming, in view of this great opening.

The chief feature of the present revival wave that is rolling steadily, if not rapidly, over the world, is its close connection with the Christian conscience. In the stories that come to us from week to week from the mission fields where this deep spiritual movement is growing apace, the invariable manifestation of the Spirit's presence and power is the confession of sin and the deep anguish and humiliation which it brings. This has been peculiarly marked all over India, spontaneously and with singular uniformity in every place. The natives become prostrated with a spirit of conviction and penitence and all preaching gives way to a complete breaking up and a tide of confession and prayer followed at length by intense joy in the sense of forgiveness and great zeal in working for the salvation of other souls. These confessions usually lead to the revelation of sin on the part of others who have not been convicted themselves, and the result in many of the mission fields is a wholesome and widespread discipline and the cleansing of the native churches and the uplifting of their whole moral and spiritual tone. Surely in this land and throughout Christendom with the fearful outbreak of shameless wickedness which we see on every side there is nothing for which we should so much pray as an awakening of conscience and a revival of conviction and repentance.

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